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**SELECT
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OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL PREFACES
BY

DR. AIKIN.

in Ten Volumes. VOL. III.



L O N D O N .

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JOHN DRYDEN.

Continued.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

VOL. III.

B

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd :
And while he sought her snowy breast :
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around :
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

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CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung :
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face ;
Now give the hautboys breath : he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ; [the slain.
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed :
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of Chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of Chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

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Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head!
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise:
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR THE KNIGHT'S TALK.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
 A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name :
 A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
 The rising nor the setting Sun beheld.
 Of Athens he was lord ; much land he won,
 And added foreign countries to his crown.
 In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
 Whom first by force he conquered, then by love ;
 He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
 With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
 With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
 With Love to friend, and Fortune for his guide,
 And his victorious army at his side.
 I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
 Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way :
 But, were it not too long, I would recite
 The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
 Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight ;
 The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
 The female army and th' Athenian host ;
 The spousals of Hippolita, the queen ;
 What tilts and turneys at the feast were seen ;
 The storm at their return, the ladies' fear :
 But these, and other things, I must forbear.
 The field is spacious I design to sow,
 With oxen far unfit to draw the plow :

The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.

And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.

"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence
you are,

And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief."

The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: "Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;

'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And Fame has fill'd the world with thy success :
We, wretched women, sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none ;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief :
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before ;
Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait :
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen :
At Thebes he fell, curst be the fatal day !
And all the rest thou seest in this array
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate host :
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie ;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny ;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed." .
At this she shriek'd aloud ; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,

With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind !

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd, and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising, one by one, the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs :
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd ;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on ; nor enter'd Athens on his way :
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind :
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car ;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire ;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur :
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour ; inly pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd ; and all th' ensuing night ;
And saw the city with returning light.

The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell :
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town :
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain :
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd ;
All these to fitter times shall be 'deferr'd :
I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies ;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load
oppress'd

Of slaughter'd foes, whom, first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd ;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame ;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were the
same.

Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a griesly
wound ;

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear :

The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons ; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent :
Whom, known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more
renown'd.

But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are enclos'd.

Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May :
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard
sleep ;

Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves ;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily, ere day,
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array ;

Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair ;
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair :
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind :
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At every turn, she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose ; and every rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew :
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head :
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear :
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome-in the Spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall :
The garden was enclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.

It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his gaoler's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath :
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day :

Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view :
Then look'd below, and, from the castle's height,
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight,
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In Spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks
 between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss ;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light :
But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart ;
Struck blind with over-powering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young Arcite heard ; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd ;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began,
Or who had done th' offence ? " But if," said he,
" Your grief alone is hard captivity,

For love of Heaven, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since Fate will have it so :
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under Earth :
Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done ;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun."

" Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
" Nor of unhappy planets I complain ;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd me cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye ;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay :
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace ;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in Heaven, nor art thou less ;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
O help us captives from our chains t' escape ;
But if our doom be past, in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power !" While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look ;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound :

So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more .
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
" The beauty I behold has struck me dead :
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance ;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
O, I must ask, nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."

Thus Arcite : and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
" Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein ?"
" Jestings," said Arcite, " suits but ill with pain."
" It suits far worse" (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) " with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray ;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both ;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love ?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design :
As I am bound by vow to further thine :
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend :
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die ?

But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence ; I told thee first my pain :
For first my love began ere thine was born ;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight."

Thus Palamon : but Arcite, with disdain,
In haughty language, thus reply'd again :
" Forsworn thyself : the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd ?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love ;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire ;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove ?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love ;
Law is to things, which to free choice relate ;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate ;
Laws are but positive ; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general
waste :

Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall ; [all.
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less ;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er."

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone :
The fruitless fight continued all the day :
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
" As courtiers therefore juggle for a grant, [want,
And, when they break their friendship, plead their
So, thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance :
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or failing in th' adventure, die."

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd :
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand ;
But when they met, they made a surly stand ;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend ;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man :
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to Hell.

But to pursue my tale : to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come :

Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite :
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril ; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late ?
“ What have I gain'd,” he said, “ in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment ?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before :
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live :
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve :
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides ;
And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first :
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen :
For, though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend !

Thine is th' adventure ; thine the victory :
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee :
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison, no ; but blissful Paradise !
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night ;
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown ?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find ;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my grief ;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief :
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas ! do mortal men in vain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain ?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire :
Some pray for riches ; riches they obtain ;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain ;
Some pray from prison to be freed ; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home ;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.

Like drunken sots about the street we roam :
Well knows the sot he has a certain home ;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness ; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood :
The fatal blessing came : from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."

Thus Arcite ; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath ; he makes outrageous moan :
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground ;
The hollow tower with clamours rings around :
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat.
" Alas !" he cry'd, " I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine :
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair :
Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage
 join'd,
A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace ;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine."

The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal :
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said : " Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass ;
What, is the race of human kind your care,
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are ?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and, guiltless, oft endure ;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail ?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all ?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate ;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create ;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil ;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain ;
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware ;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller :
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.

This let divines decide ; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race ;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."

Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.

By this, the Sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night :
The lengthened night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free ;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns :
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty :
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains :
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains :
One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd, [hold.
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would be-
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.

When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain ;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily ?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears :
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink :
Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink :

He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man :
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves :
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone :
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears :
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound :
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire :
But full of museful mopings, which preface
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly changed from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd :
His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod :
Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
" Arise," he said, " to conquering Athens go,
There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounced his heaving heart ;
But soon he said, with scarce recover'd breath,
" And thither will I go, to meet my death,

Sure to be slain, but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look ;
Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he
knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
" Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
give,

In low estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my mistress day by day."
He said ; and cloth'd himself in coarse array :
A labouring hind in show, then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent :
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort :
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.

So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain :
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye :
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil, that could to slaves belong ;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.

He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown :
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace,
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd :
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold :
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and
fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace ;
To Theseus' person he was ever near ;
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captiv'd knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light :
Lost liberty, and love, at once he bore :
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more :

Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.

But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
Of opium ; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising Sun.
A thick spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style ;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of Day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray ;

And soon the Sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight ;
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dew ;
 When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
 Observance to the month of merry May :
 Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
 That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod :
 At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
 Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
 The grove I nam'd before ; and, lighted there,
 A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair ;
 Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
 And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May. [wear,
 " For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries
 If not the first, the fairest of the year :
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers :
 When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
 So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
 Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
 As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
 The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind. "

His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
 Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
 His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
 Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
 Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight,
 In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal
 sight :

And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears ;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who, listening, heard him, while he search'd the
grove,

And loudly sung his roundelay of love :
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood ;
Now high as Heaven, and then as low as Hell ;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well :
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
“ Curs'd be the day when first I did appear ;
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.
Still will the jealous queen pursue our race ?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was :
Yet ceases not her hate : for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood : unjust decree !
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.

This is not all ; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name ;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of Heaven is all my enemy :
Mars ruin'd Thebes : his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free ;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure ;
But love's a malady without a cure ;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue ;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd :
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my pain."

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look :
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart :
No longer staid, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face :
" False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found foresworn, for Emily ;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile

Under a borrow'd name : as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free :
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily :
For, though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my sword, or pointed lance :
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began :
" Now by the gods who govern Heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
The surety which I gave thee, I defy :
Fool, not to know, that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite ;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love :
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone [known ;
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both un-
With arms of proof both for myself and thee ;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that a better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou mayst be
A conquest better won, and worthy me."
His promise Palamon accepts ; but pray'd
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.

O Love ! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon ;
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food supply'd :
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought :
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach ; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I :
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart ;
A generous chillness seizes every part ;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet ; their eyes with fury burn .
None greets ; for none the greeting will return :
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war :
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance :
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their coralets, and the thinnest parts explore.

Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in
blood;

And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd :
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound,
With grunts and groans the forest rings around :
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till Fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on Earth what Heaven foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her
way.

Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years :
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above ;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears ; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy.
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,

With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That, shaded by the fern, in harbour lay;
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam: so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?"

Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke : " We both deserve the death,
And both would die ; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found :
Our life's a load ; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
Me first, O kill me first ; and cure my woe ;
Then sheath the sword of Justice on my foe :
Or kill him first ; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he ; thy mortal foe :
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow ;
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit ; see return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd.
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus : retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains ; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man ; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am : I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain :
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.

Thus without crime I fled ; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe :
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue ;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More wouldst thou know ? I love bright Emily,
And for her sake and in her sight will die :
But kill my rival too ; for he no less
Deserves ; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.”
To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd : “ In owning your offence,
You judge yourself ; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed ;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed :
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.”
He said ; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept : when she began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid,
And thus among themselves they softly said :
“ What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight !
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of Heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind :
See their wide streaming wounds ; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame :
Kings for kingdoms, madmen for applause ;
But love for love alone ; that crowns the lover's
cause.”

This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders grace.

He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence. [cause?
"Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the
The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed."
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries,
Which mov'd compassion more; he shook his head,
And softly sighing to himself he said: [can draw
"Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud."
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and Passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The power of Love,
In Earth, and seas, and air, and Heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.

Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil ;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd ; for well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe ;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed ; behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains ;
For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay :
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on ;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done ;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all ; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last :
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago ;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts
 constrain.

To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,

I give their forfeit lives ; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord ;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right.”
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd :
“ If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born ; and such is she you serve :
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known :
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed :
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to Destiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love !
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair ;
But on the day when this returning Sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king ;
And then the knight, whom Fate or happy Chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain ;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace .

The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd ;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight ;
And Heaven of me so judge, as I shall judge aright.
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword."
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky :
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights, with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands receive ;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took :
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first enclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around ;
The form was circular ; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd ;
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white ;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.

A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never saw : nor of so vast a space :
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command :
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
The master-painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above,
A temple, sacred to the queen of love ;
An altar stood below ; on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.

The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was enclos'd,
Within the wall, of alabaster white,
And crimson coral, for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.

Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery :
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers, that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs, that smok'd along the wall,
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's Hell, [fell :
And scalding tears, that wore a channel where they
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy ;

And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,
And sigils, fram'd in planetary hours :
Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair ;
Suspensions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by nights, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more :
With acts and monuments of times before :
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come :
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colours drawn :
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness :
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone :
There Samson was ; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beasts.
Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit :
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid ;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought ;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought :
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies,

She trod the brine, all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest ;
A lute she held ; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green ;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above ;
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd ; his eyes were banded o'er ;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread ;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace :
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare ;
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair ;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found ;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old ;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold :
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing
hail.

Such was the face without ; a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood :
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent :

The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and Horror over head :
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door ;
In through that door, a northern light there shone ;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none ;
The gate was adamant, eternal frame ! [came,
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries
The labour of a god ; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A tun about was every pillar there ;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And Treason labouring in the traitor's thought :
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
brought.

There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear ;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown :
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t' other side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in language base : [place.
Till sense was lost in sound, and Silence fled the
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair :

With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul
away.

In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood ;
And arm'd Complaint on Theft ; and cries of Blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent Death in thousand shapes display'd ;
The city to the soldiers' rage resign'd ;
Successless wars, and Poverty behind ;
Ships burnt in fight, or fore'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars :
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid ;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he madc.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel ;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car ; the ruin'd house, that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls :
The whole division, that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,
Were there : the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd :
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the Capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall ;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn ;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,

All copied from the Heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god :
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid ;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn :
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns re-
 sound :

Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became :
Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace,
In the cold circle held the second place :
The stag Acteon in the stream had spy'd
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd :
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree :
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize ;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes ;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murther mother, and consuming son ;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain :
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.

The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green ;
About her feet were little beagles seen, [queen.
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before ;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again ;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard ;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat; and their arms to sing.

Book III.

THE day approach'd when Fortune should decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride ;
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.

The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice ;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone :
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange ; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name :
And had the land selected of the best, [rest.
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name ;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale ;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.
Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison :
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides ; and others shields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe.
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel.

This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace ;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face ;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red :
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair :
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and
long.

Four milkwhite bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back ;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set :
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his
chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear :
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way :
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud
array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,

On a bay courser, goodly to behold, [gold.
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace ;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great ;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
His shoulders large, a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire :
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [Sun,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue :
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin :
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in Nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound :
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green ;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
between.

Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle ; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terrour of the field.

For kings, and dukes, and barons you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.

In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn ;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the
posts adorn.

The town was all a jubilee of feasts ;
So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests ;
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate :
Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast ; [prise ;
Whose voice, whose graceful dance, did most sur-
Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night,
And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere day began to spring ;
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And, flickering on her nest, made short essays to
sing :

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal lists, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.
" Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above !
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place,
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood :
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair :
All nature is thy province, life thy care :
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the Sun ;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas ! I have not words to tell my grief ;
To vent my sorrow, would be some relief ;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain ;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.

So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight ;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield :
In my divine Emilia, make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest :
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare ;
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god ; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize ;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line :
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, I once dead, let him possess her charms."
Thus ended he ; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw :
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires ;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires ;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine :
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took :
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke

He knew his boon was granted ; but the day [lay.
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long de-

Now Morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,
Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily ;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the Moon.
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream :
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal :
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes prophane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm ; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head :
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid,
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told,)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.

“ O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both Heaven and Earth and seas are seen ;
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy
sphere :

Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt, [were dealt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths
As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate :
Where love is duty on the female side, [pride.
On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In Heaven, Earth, Hell, and every where a queen,
Grant this my first desire : let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace :
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love :
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh ! ev'n that avert ! I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train ;
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain !
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my prey !"

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.
When lo ! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,

And left one altar dark, a little space,
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze ;
The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood ;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the blackening coals, and sunk to night :
At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew,
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signified the boding sign, [divine.
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the
temple bright.

The power, behold ! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known ;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began : " Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear :
More powerful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride :
The two contending knights are weigh'd above ;
One Mars protects, and one the queen of love :
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast ;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire, that once extinct reviv'd again
Foreshows the love allotted to remain :
Farewell !" she said, and vanish'd from the place ;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.

Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd;
" Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid."
Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.

The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the power omnipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
" Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most, but every where thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terrour is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong.
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.

Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has softened into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd:
O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade:
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain, [dain.
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with dia-
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endued by force I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among, [hung,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,

Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood ;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine ;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more ; let Fate dispose the rest."

The champion ceas'd ; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan : a murmuring wind arose ;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung :
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rushed in, and Arcite stood aghast :
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice :
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire :
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms :
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and halfpronounc'd, the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted, raised a strife above,
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.
She granting first, had right of time to plead :
But he had granted too, nor would recede.

Jove was for Venus ; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife :
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose :
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise ; by long experience taught
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought :
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By Fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd :
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the goddess while he gull'd the god :
“ Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife ;
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife :
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign ;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throtling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints :
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence ;

And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning ; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art.
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war."
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care ;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May,
'Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of man ;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring :
At once the crowd arose ; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry ;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.

The gods came downward to behold the wars,
 Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.
 The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
 For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,
 Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
 Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
 Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
 Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet :
 The greedy sight might there devour the gold
 Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold :
 And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
 And crested morions, with their plummy pride.
 Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
 In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
 One lac'd the helm, another held the lance,
 A third the shining buckler did advance.
 The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
 The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
 Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
 And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields
 provide.

The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands,
 And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in
 their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
 Attend the sign to sound the martial blast ;
 The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
 And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
 The throng is in the midst ; the common crew
 Shut out, the hall admits the better few ;

In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk :
Factious, and favouring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide :
Their wagers back their wishes ; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold :
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend ;
His double-biting axe and beaming spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind :
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose ;
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state ;
There, for the two contending knights he sent :
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent ;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd ; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listen-
ing crowd.

“ Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind ;

And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree,
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death should terminate their strife ;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life :
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poinards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field ; that none shall dare
With shortened sword to stab in closer war ;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain ;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd ; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife. [young
Thus dooms the lord : now valiant knights and
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long."

The herald ends : the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent :
" Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood !"
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great earl-marshal orders their array.

The fair from high the passing pomp behold ;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread ;
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily :
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd :
Scarce were they seated, when, with clamours loud,
In rushed at once a rude promiscuous crowd ;
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow ;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad,
The bloody colours of his patron god.

At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising-sun ;

Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.

At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted
sky.

Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.

Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd :
Not half the number in their seats are found ;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight ;
The glittering faulchions cast a gleaming light :
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound.
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend, [bend.
They break the bones, and make the solid armour
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force ;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse :
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes ;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide :
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease ; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent :
Both were by turns unhors'd ; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick ; and equal wounds they gave
and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey ;
They bite, they tear ; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end ;
So when the Sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid :
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound ; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe ;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight :
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound ;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field !
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize !

The royal judge, on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war ; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal lists the heralds cry'd,
" Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride."

The people rend the skies with vast applause ;
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the queen of love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in Heaven prevail'd :
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny ;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears ;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is
lost.

Till Saturn said, " Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfy'd his will ;
His boon is given ; his knight has gain'd the day
But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."

Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, Heaven and Earth resound ;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride.

Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then, spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne ;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily ;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent :
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way) :
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire :
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pummel cast the knight :
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand : they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound ;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath ;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow, the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.
Meantime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd.
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd).

Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladdened all the warrior-train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with
 charms ;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage, [of sage.
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts
The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound ;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd ; for falling is no shame ;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown ;
But 'tis the fault of Fortune, not his own :
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born :
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause ;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can ;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace ;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.

 Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs ;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches'
 cares ;

Swoln is his breast ; his inward pains increase,
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art :
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail ;
All outward remedies and inward fail :
The mold of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void :
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell,
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs, thus within oppress,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' effect of Art is void.
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon ;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
" No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart, ·
For you, whom best I love and value most ;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost ;

Which, from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side ;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend :
How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong :
'This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily :
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour !
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live !
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave !
Never, O never more to see the Sun !
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone !
This fate is common ; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell ; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms :
This hand I cannot but in death resign ;
Ah ! could I live ! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and, thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die ; but hear me speak my last.
Ah ! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong :
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.

With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife :
Nor I, but as I lov'd ; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire ;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time ;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right ;
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good ;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire :
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon."

This was his last ; for Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign ;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes :
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze :
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw ;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay ; [away.
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state :

Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative :
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears ;
Silent he wept, asham'd to show his tears :
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast :
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate ;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state :
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death ; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tare.
" Why would'st thou go," with one consent they cry,
" When thou had'st gold enough, and Emily ?"

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,

And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state ;
Good after ill, and after pain delight ;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night :
“ Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care.

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play ; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.”
With words like these the crowd was satisfy'd,
And so they would have been had Theseus dy'd.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd.
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As Love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand :
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food : a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,

Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field :
Bare was his manly visage on the bier :
Menac'd his countenance ; ev'n in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears :
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd :
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held ;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier ;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.

The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept ;
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine, [wine.
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan-honour paid :
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion
 strow'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames : the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear ;
The mourner yew and builder oak were there :
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain, [ordain.
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree ;
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain :
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd :
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a stranger to the light.

The straw, as first I said, was laid below :
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row ;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd ;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd ; the smouldering flames arise :
This office done, she sunk upon the ground ;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress ;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast ;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghost, a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound ;
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again :
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields ;
The women mix their cries ; and Clamour fills the
fields.

The warlike wakes continued all the night, [light.
And funeral games were play'd at new returning
Who, naked, wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend ;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest ; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd :
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament :
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be
freed ;

Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array. [high,

The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily :
So call'd, she came ; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.

And first soft whispers through th' assembly went :
With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event :
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace, [face.
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his
At length he sigh'd ; and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.

“ The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above,
Hung down on Earth the golden chain of love :
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent,
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation
crown'd.

The chain still holds ; for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away :
The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last :

Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making Mind :
Shorten their hours they may ; for will is free ;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burthen, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend :
Parts of the whole are we ; but God the whole ;
Who gives us life and animating soul :
For Nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give :
He perfect, stable ; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree ;
Plants, beasts, and man ; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts ; and forms, the mortal part, expire :
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass :
This law th' Omniscient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind should by succession live !
That individuals die, his will ordains,
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees ;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays ;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet :
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs ; and leave their channels
dry.

So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat ;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell ;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid ;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began :
Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne :
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last ;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus ; but thousands more in flower of age :
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring ?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain ;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame ;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose :
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief :
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower,

Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won :
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely what the gods decreed ?
With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life ?
Their sorrow hurts themselves ; on him is lost ;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy ?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live ?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join ;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily ;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right :
'Tis time to mend her fault ; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free :
If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race :

And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last :
Pity is Heaven's and yours ; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."
He said ; she blush'd ; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban thus he said ;
" Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command ;"
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight ;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious
 night.

Eros, and Anteros, on either side,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride ;
And long-attending Hymen, from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenour was their after-life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife ;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.

So may the queen of love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER TALE.

IN days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here, [year.
And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half the
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers and other goodly geer,
Have made the merry goblins disappear:
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,

Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls :
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace :
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next ;
With humming ale encouraging his text ;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near :
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even song and morn.

It so befell in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain ;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way :
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high :
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire :
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cry'd :
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd, brought to court the knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
 Ere made the common brothels of the town :
 There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
 But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd :
 The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
 No bad example to his poets gave :
 And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
 Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.

Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the
 knight,

But sovereign monarchs are the source of right :
 Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
 He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
 But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
 And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
 That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
 And left it in her power to kill or save
 This gracious act the ladies all approve,
 Who thought it much a man should die for love ;
 And with their mistress join'd in close debate
 (Covering their kindness with dissembled hate)
 If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
 At last agreed they call'd him by consent
 Before the queen and female parliament.
 And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
 Did thus the judgment of the house declare.

“ Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
 Thy destiny depends upon my will :
 Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
 Not due to thee from our offended race.
 But as our kind is of a softer mold,
 And cannot blood without a sigh behold,

I grant thee life : reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour :
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire ?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife ;
Beware ; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day :
A year is thine to wander at thy will ;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return ;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day."

Woe was the knight at this severe command :
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand :
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with Heaven's assistance, he could find.

His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went ; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door ;
Enquir'd of men ; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.

They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place :
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed ;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise :
" Truth is," says one, " he seldom fails to win
Who flatters well ; for that's our darling sin :
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind."
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free :
Their pleasures, hours, and actions, all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool ; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst :
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes ;
For fools will prate ; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit :
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life ;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy :
And constant in one purpose still to dwell ;
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable : for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.

Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:

Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phoebus was endow'd with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd,
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from Heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew: and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honour and her own;
But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was obliged to hide;
By interest and by oath the wife was ty'd;
But if she told it not, the woman dy'd.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab: and no pretence
Of honour ty'd her tongue from self-defence.
A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,

Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king,
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent ;
Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd :
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
" To thee alone, O Lake," she said, " I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal):
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair of ass's ears.
Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again."

Thus through a woman was the secret known ;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale : The knight with heavy cheer,
Wandering in vain, had now consum'd the year :
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and, as th' award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he hapt to ride,
As Fortune led him, by a forest side :
Lonely the vale, and full of horreur stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood :
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The Moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground :
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.

At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least,
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

One only hag remain'd : but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are ;
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an aukward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, " What makes you, sir, so late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road ?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind ?
The last I guess ; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight ;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain : for wisdom is in age." [know

To this the knight: " Good mother, would you
The secret cause and spring of all my woe ?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire.
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay ;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price :
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfy'd of what they love the best."
" Plight me thy faith," quoth she, " That what I ask
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shalt give for lure of thy demand ;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand ;

I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife."

More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day ;
His horse should find the way without a guide,
She said : with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well :
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright. [spread

To court they came ; the news was quickly
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women of the town :
The queen sate lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd ; and silence they proclaim :
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name :
And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.

Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began : " My lady liege," said he,
" What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command :
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name ;
And of their servants full dominion claim.

This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey."
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best.

Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen :
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
" My liege," said she, " before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request : 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire ;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire :
My promise is fulfill'd : I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife."
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hoped they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent, to brothers of the bar,)
Cry'd one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note :
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.

In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn ;
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
“ Not all the wealth of eastern kings,” said she,
“ Have power to part my plighted love and me :
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore ;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.”

“ My love ! nay rather my damnation thou,”
Said he : “ nor am I bound to keep my vow ;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
Else how could'st thou my secret sorrows know ?
Avant, old witch, for I renounce thy bed :
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.”
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the
knight ;

So was he marry'd in his own despite :
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast and nuptial song :
Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride :
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd :
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cry'd.

“ When you my ravish’d predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw ;
Had you been such, you might have ‘scap’d the law
Is this the custom of king Arthur’s court ?
Are all round-table knights of such a sort ?
Remember I am she who sav’d your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife :
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ’d my power.
In time of need, I was your faithful friend ;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov’d lord, ’tis much unkind ;
What Fury has possess’d your alter’d mind ?
Thus on my wedding-night without pretence—
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason’s rule persuade ;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made.’
“ Amends ! nay that’s impossible,” said he ;
“ What change of age or ugliness can be ?
Or, could Medea’s magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match’d with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride ?”
“ And is this all that troubles you so sore ?”
“ And what the devil could’st thou wish me more ?”
“ Ah, Benedicite,” reply’d the crone :
“ Then cause of just complaining have you none,
The remedy to this were soon apply’d,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride
But, for you say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,

Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me ;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good :
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid ;
And took his earth but from an humble maid ;
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow ?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow
We, who for name and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance ;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard-kind ?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace ;
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood ;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame :
But, as the first, the last of all the line
Would like the Sun even in descending shine ;
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus ;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain .

Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed :
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree ;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity :
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be : for seed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind ;
But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself : while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers ;
Or man or woman, whichsoever fails :
And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
Ether with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends :
The line is gone ; no longer duke or earl ;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine ;
But infamy and villanage are thine.

Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God :
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose :
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race :
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the rags of Sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When He, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low estate :
Which he, who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood :
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought :

The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence ;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives ;
For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know
A good which none would challenge, few would
choose,

A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue ;
Nor jealousy, the bane of marry'd life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife ;
For age and ugliness, as all agree,
Are the best guards of female chastity.

“ Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose ;
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold ;
On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can, contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought, displease ?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share ?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth ?

Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself if aught should fall amiss."

Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon
heard ;

At length, considering all, his heart he cheer'd ;
And thus reply'd : " My lady and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life :
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand :
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best ;
Yours be the care to profit, and to please :
And let your subject servant take his ease."

" Then thus in peace," quoth she, " concludes
the strife,

Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife :
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign ;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss :
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair,
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease ;
The business of my life shall be to please :
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try ;
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye."
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her ivory arm ;
And like Pygmalion found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.

Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
And their first love continued to the last :
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between ;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.

And so may all our lives like theirs be led ;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in
bed ;

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man ;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim-train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As God had cloth'd his own ambassador,
For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense ;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere,
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see :
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
Mild was his accent, and his action free.

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky :
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres,)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look ;
But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains of Hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes minds : but Love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd
But when the milder beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took ;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong ; but offering none :
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare :
 For mortify'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 'True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
 Were only stewards of their sovereign lord ;
 Nothing was theirs ; but all the public store :
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
 Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick ; to succour the distress'd :
 Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
 Nor spar'd his pains ; for curate he had none.
 Nor durst he trust another with his care ;
 Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
 To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
 Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
 But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day ;
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey :
 And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd ;
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught,)
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd :
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
 (The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impress'd)

But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd ;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :
 In purple he was crucified, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
 Might well become Saint Peter's successor ;
 The holy father holds a double reign, [plain.
 The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be

Such was the saint ; who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
 God saw his image lively was express'd ;
 And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

The tempter saw him too with envious eye ;
 And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
 He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
 And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.

This prince, though great in arms, the priest
 withstood :

Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
 Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
 A king can give no more than is his own :
 The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
 Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
 The senseless plea of right by Providence
 Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
 And lasts no longer than the present sway;
 But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains ; let those who dare
 Dispute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
 Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
 Much to himself he thought ; but little spoke ;
 And, undepiv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his cure of souls he
 stretch'd :

And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
 Still cheerful ; ever constant to his call ;
 By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
 With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;
 And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
 Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
 Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine ;
 But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
 To show you what the rest in orders were :
 This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
 He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper
 light.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of Fortune and of Nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none);
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid,
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said: [move;
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But Pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.

But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd ;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care ;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease :
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering Death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain !
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind :
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat ;
His travels ended at his country seat :
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The spring was in the prime ; the neighbouring
grove
Supply'd with birds, the choristers of Love :

Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night :
There he discharg'd his friends : but not th' expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge ;
With house and heart still open to receive :
As well content as Love would give him leave :
He would have liv'd more free ; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.

It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed ;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood :
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find ;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd ;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent :
The Day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But Love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid ; the whispering sound
Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground ;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread ;
A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.

Nature was in alarm ; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole ;
Not long : for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briars and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish
wood ;

From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear ;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade ;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,
Which modest Nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly thorn ;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embu'd ;
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
“ Mercy, O mercy Heaven !” she ran, and cry'd.
When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold
again,

Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase :
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held :
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid,
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war :
" Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let Eternal Justice take the way :
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."

He said, at once dismounting from the steed ;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright ;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, " Whate'er," said he,
" Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee ;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd ;"
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd :

" Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid ;

Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain ?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain :
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care ;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.

“ Short was her joy ; for soon th' insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her
pride :

Because she deemed I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty. [cast,
There, then, we met ; both try'd, and both were
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd ;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain :
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly ;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below) ;
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed :
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds
a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as her Fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain."

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates ;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue,
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again :
" Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemned by Fate
To daily death ; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment ; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me !
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day."

Thus while he spoke the virgin from the ground
Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore :
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food :
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace ;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw, [law.
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first ; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend ?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend,
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which Hell for his destruction did prepare ;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from Heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay :
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said :
“ What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love ;
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late yet is at last become my care :
My heart shall be my own ; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence :
This only I require ; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine ; the cause I shall display,
On Friday next ; for that's th' appointed day.”
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite ;

Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
 The day was come, the guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame :
 A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
 Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
 The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
 Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love :
 The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
 With flowers below, and tissue overhead :
 The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
 To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
 The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
 That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,
 The fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound
 Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around.
 Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
 ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,
 Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries ;
 And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
 And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
 And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in
 blood.

Last came the felon, on his sable steed, [speed.
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to
 She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, [ment.
 The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punish-
 Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
 The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast ;

The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd ;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid, [aid.
She rent the Heaven with loud laments, imploring

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite ;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke :
" Back on your lives ; let be," said he, " my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way :
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence :
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heaven design'd :
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find."

At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold :
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back : some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd ;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general ; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand :

With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ; [their own.
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high ;
They close their trembling troop ; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear ;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer :
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground ;
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd :
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs ; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd ;

She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spur'd th' infernal
steed :

The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew, [adieu ;
Regardless pass'd her o'er ; nor grac'd with kind
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
The downfall of her empire she divin'd ;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more :
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind :
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering
for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast :
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again ;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace ;

Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came, [game,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain, [plain.
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope ; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd :
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd :
Why not of her ? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd ?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd :
He took a lowering leave ; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal ?
Her sex's arts she knew ; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men ?
Here hope began to dawn ; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy :
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on Death to call,
The precipice in sight : a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest ;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd ;

And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to bewish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Shou'd he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware:
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

RELIGIO LAICL

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of Moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,

Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head ;
And found, that one first principle must be :
But what, or who, that universal He ;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving all ;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
Or this great all was from eternity ;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see ;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he ;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind :
For happiness was never to be found ;
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd ;
This every little accident destroy'd :
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil ;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep ;
But found their line too short, the well too deep ;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul :

In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
 Cries *suprema*, the mighty secret's found :
 God is that spring of good ; supreme, and best ;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven :
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
 The means his justice should for all provide.
 This general worship is to praise and pray :
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
 And when frail Nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind ;
 That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear
 Our reason prompts us to a future state :
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate :
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd ;
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward. [soar :

Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
 To think thy wit these god-like notions bred !
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind,
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.

Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found :
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system : no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe :
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence :
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil !
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal ;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel :
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong ;

Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose :
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way :
And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store :
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame ;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name :
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid ;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd,
See then the deist lost : remorse for vice,
Not paid ; or, paid, inadequate in price :
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect ?
That shows us sick ; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure :
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown ;
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here ; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind

But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law :
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age ;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book, [arts,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true :
The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense :
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line :
Commanding words ; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend ;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend :
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose :
Unfed by Nature's soil, in which it grows ;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin ;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain ; its own tormentors tires ;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.

To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine ;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd ;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd ?

But stay : the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true :
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known :
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable Earth :
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known :
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new ?
In other parts it helps, that, ages past,
The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till sin spread once again the shades of night :
What's that to these, who never saw the light ?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief :
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of providence :
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way :
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone ;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man ?

Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead ;
Or ignorance invincible may plead ?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has exprest :
“ That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd ;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone :
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead ;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.”
Most righteous doom ! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right ;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light ;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind :
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd ;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way ;
Or else conclude, that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high ; and as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has try'd ;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide : [bred
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were
By reading that which better thou hast read.

Thy matchless author's work : which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend :
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd ;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by the author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine ; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy :
Save pains in various readings, and translations ;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd :
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copier's and translator's trade :
How Jewish, popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest :
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force :
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new :
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on Earth ;

If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease :
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd ?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are intail'd :
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain ;
If we consider interest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide ?
For since th' original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed ;
'Twere worth both Testaments ; cast in the creed :
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell ;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains :
Which yet no council dare pretend to do ;
Unless like Esdras they could write it new :
Strange confidence still to interpret true,

Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way :
And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me :
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside ?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure ?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
For what one sect interprets, all sects may :
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God ; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit ?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty ?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven ; and ne'er is at a loss :
For the straight-gate would be made straighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.

'The few by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page ; and see
Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
With the whole tenour of the work divine :
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design ;
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here :
When general, old, disinterested, clear :
That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age :
Confirms its force by biding every test ;
For best authorities, next rules, are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow,
Thus first traditions were a proof alone ;
Could we be certain such they were, so known :
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale :
But truth, by its own sinews will prevail
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends :
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history :
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd.

The partial papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.

But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church ; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret ? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own ?
The book's a common largess to mankind ;
Not more for them than every man design'd :
The welcome news is in the letter found ;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance :
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoris'd to know :
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell ;
And he a god who could but read and spell ;
Then mother-church did mightily prevail :
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail :
But still expounded what she sold or gave ;
To keep it in her power to damn and save :
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content ;
As needy men take money good or bad :
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible :
At last a knowing age began t' inquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire :

And, making narrower search, they found, though
late,

That what they thought the priest's, was their estate :
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share :
Consulted soberly his private good ;
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence :
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey ;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd ;
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd :
The spirit gave the doctoral degree :
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found ;
But men would still be itching to expound :
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care ;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer :
This was the fruit the private spirit brought ;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood ;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.

A thousand daily sects rise up and die ;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply :
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same ; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem ?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego ;
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know :
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
The things we must believe are few and plain :
But, since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say :
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven, than all the church before :
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will ;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone :
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes, the public peace disturb,
For points obscure are of small use to learn :
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear :
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear :

And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose;
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will
serve.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
But, smiling, said, "She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes."
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Live there, and wants but words to speak her
thought.

At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay ;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise ;
This is the least attendant on thy praise :
From hence the rudiments of art began ;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man :
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original ;
Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd ;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd :
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective ;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view ;
No point of light was known, no bounds of art ;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd ;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive :
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.

Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen.
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep :
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line :
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both ; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest ;
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought :
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight :
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write ;
With reverence look on his majestic face ;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race,
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight. [breast
Bids thee, through me, be bold ; with dauntless
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics, in th' attempt are lost :
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof ; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.

While they their barren industry deplore
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth :
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth :
But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found ;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound ;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I ;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine ;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command ;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament ;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Though Nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill ;
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place :
The painter widely stretches his command ;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live ;
And not seven cities, but the world would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this isle :
Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge our fame ;
For your good stars are every where the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood :
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song, or senseless opera,
Is to the living labour of a play ;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live :
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give :
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule :
Thus, thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool :
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think. [vain,

Good Heaven ! that sots and knaves should be so
To wish their vile resemblance may remain !

And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest !

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place :
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest ;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view :
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art exprest ;
But venerable age shall add the rest,
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand ;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand ;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint ;
Add every grace, which Time alone can grant ;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

THE COCK AND THE FOX:

OR THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow, somewhat old, and very poor :
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread :

But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent ;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
An ewe call'd Mallie, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell ; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made ;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat ;
According to her cloth she cut her coat :
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat :
A sparing diet did her health assure ;
Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed :
With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad ; her heart content ;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.

Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer :
Brown bread, and milk, (but first she skimm'd h
bowls)

And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holy days an egg, or two at most ;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.

A yard she had with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead, liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer ;

So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock ;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sang :
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall ;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet ;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet :
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, besides his lawful wife ;
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood,
His sisters both by sire and mother's side ;
And sure their likeness show'd them near ally'd.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolemys had done before :
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.

But passing this, as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart :
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day :
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,

Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth ; and let him work his wicked will :
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd :
Ev'n since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.

By this her husband's heart she did obtain ;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain !
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side ;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.

But, oh ! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat
" Solus cum sola," then was all his note.

For in the days of yore, the birds of parts [arts.
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal

It happ'd, that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn ; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from gods and men : and sore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
" Dear heart," said she, " for love of Heaven, declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright."

“ And, madam, well I might,” said Chanticleer,
“ Never was shrovetide cock in such a fear ;
Ev’n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover’d yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent :
It bodes I shall have wars and woeful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne’er beheld his fellow ;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow :
Tipp’d was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black, and much unlike his other hairs :
The rest, in shape a beagle’s whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout :
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.”

“ Now fy for shame,” quoth she, “ by Heaven
above,

Thou hast for ever lost thy lady’s love ;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night :
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend ;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse :
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse :
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight,
How dar’st thou talk of love, and dar’st not fight ?

How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?

“ If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dung ill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall, that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd we sink, in rivers drown'd.

“ More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,

I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.

“ Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow);
On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of Heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the Sun when in a vernal sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's son was never born to fear.”

“ Madam,” quoth he, “ grammercy for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal powers, as wise as he,

Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode;
For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it : but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.

“ Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow
Th' event of things, and future weal or woe :
Some truths are not by reason to be try'd,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

“ Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so, that, when the Sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town :
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground,
And but one sorry bed was to be found :
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.

“ So were they forc'd to part ; one stay'd behind,
His fellow sought what lodging he could find :
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door ;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.

“ His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept :
Supine he snor'd ; but in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,
Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said, ‘ Help me, brother, or this night I die :

Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.'

" Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,
Shivering with horror, and with aching heart,
At length to cure himself by reason tries ;
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies ?
So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.
His dream returns ; his friend appears again :
' The murderers come, now help, or I am slain :
'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
He dreamt the third : but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood be-
smear'd :

Thrice warn'd, ' Awake,' said he ; ' relief is late,
The deed is done ; but thou revenge my fate :
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise :
Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they my corpse convey :
My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and enclos'd with dung :
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry ;
For sacred hunger of my gold, I die :'
Then show'd his grisly wound : and last he drew
A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.

" The frighted friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before :
' Muttering, he went,' said he, ' by morning light,
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.'

This rais'd suspi-*cion* in the pilgrim's mind ;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoils with robbers join'd.

“ His dream confirm'd his thought : with troubled
look

Straight to the western gate his way he took ;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carry'd compost forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,
And cry'd out *murder* with a yelling note.
' My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head.
Ye magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call, to punish this offence.'

“ The word thus given, within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.
All in a trice they cast the cart to the ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found ;
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from the
wound.

Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel ; and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light :
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels :
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels ;
Fresh from the fact, as in the present case,
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place :
Carter and host confronted face to face.

Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints :
So was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,
And public justice on th' offenders done.

“ Here may you see that visions are to dread ;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnership to cross the main.
Waiting till willing winds their sails supply'd,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side ;
One evening it befell, that looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about :
Well pleas'd they went to rest ; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man he thought stood frowning at his side :
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
' I come, thy genius, to command thy stay ;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And Death unhop'd attends the watery way.'

“ The vision said : and vanish'd from his sight :
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright :
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
' Stay, who will stay : for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain ;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes ;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings :
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad :
Both are the reasonable soul run mad :
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day ;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all ; and more absurd, or less :
You, who believe in tales, abide alone ;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.'

" Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail :
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way :
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was upset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent ;
But down at once with all her crew she went :
Her fellow ships from far her loss descri'd :
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

" By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain :

But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.

“ Kenelm the son of Kenulph, Mercia’s king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn’d in a dream, his murder did foretell
From point to point as after it befell ;
All circumstances to his nurse he told
(A wonder from a child of seven years old) :
The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
From treason counsel’d him to guard his life ;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy’s vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey’d,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay’d :
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister’s crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which at your better leisure you may read.

“ Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam’d event :
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophesies.

“ Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
Not less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslav’d th’ Egyptian land,
The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold
Nor must th’ exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag’d his hanging lot.

“ And did not Cræsus the same death foresee,
Rais’d in his vision on a lofty tree ?

The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he dy'd ;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain :
He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.

“ Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break ;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity :
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well-man sick :
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes :
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good :
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear :
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace :
So may my soul have bliss, as, when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender side,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,

Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind ;
And ev'n already I forget my dream :"
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day-light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.

By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day :
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground ;
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the month in which the world began
(If March beheld the first created man) :
And since the vernal equinox, the Sun,
In Aries, twelve degrees, or more, had run ;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd right ;
And told more truly than th' Ephemeris :
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.

Then turning, said to Partlet, " See, my dear,
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the year ;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing :
All these are ours ; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me :
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame, .
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame :
Our dames sit scouring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire :
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found."

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss :
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his master-piece below :
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.

Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall :
The legend is as true, I undertake,
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake :
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.

A fox, full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the Devil, would lie ;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer ;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he cou'd ;
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring
wood :

And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent :
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way ;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground :
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head ;
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.

O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy !
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign !
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower :
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam !

But here the doctors eagerly dispute :
Some hold predestination absolute :
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill ;
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain :
As bad for us as prescience had not been,
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.

For how can that eternal Power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must ?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us ; but first decreed ?
I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can ;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity ;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in prospect of the shore ;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me ; [sound,
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can
Or put to his Omnipotence a bound ?
He made us to his image, all agree ;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,

I wave, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock,
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife :
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his Paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived ; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass ?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The Wife of Bath would throw them to the ground ;
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.

Now to continue what my tale begun ;
Lay madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in sand : her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea :
And so befell, that as he cast his eye,
Among the coleworts, on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low :
I need not swear he had no list to crow :

But cry'd, " Cock, cock!" and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart ;
For birds and beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.

But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill ;
"I hope, my lord," said he, " I not offend ;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long :
Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,
For, on my soul, I never meant you harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess :
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought :
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard,
The song as of an angel in the yard ;
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal gods,
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes ;
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detained, to keep the husband
there.

" My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you :
He, with your lady-mother (whom Heaven rest)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest :
To view his living features, does me good ;
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood ;

And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.

“ But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the
ground

One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair ?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length :
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer ;
Not Maro's Muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine :
From Brennus and Belinus is your line ;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.

“ Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear,)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind ;

For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet saint Charity ;
Make hills and dales, and Earth and Heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice."

The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people are ;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery :
So much the more, as, from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself ;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court ;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest Truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings ;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his
eyes,

Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympic prize.
But, while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood ;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
'Or who can shun inevitable fate?

The doom was written, the decree was past,
 Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
 In Aries though the Sun exalted stood,
 His patron-planet to procure his good ;
 Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
 In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree :
 The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
 Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.

On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
 Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
 Ah, blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
 How could'st thou suffer thy devoted knight,
 On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
 The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best ?
 Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
 And minded not the work of propagation.
 Gaufride, who could'st so well in rhyme complain
 The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
 Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
 To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
 That I like thee on Friday might complain;
 For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.

Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
 Were sent to Heaven by woeful Trojan dames,
 When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
 And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
 Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
 Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
 With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight:
 Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
 When Asdrubal, her husband, lost his life,
 When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,
 And all the Punic glories at an end :

Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed ;
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.

Now to my story I return again :
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woeful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard ;
And, starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.

“ The fox, the wicked fox ! ” was all the cry ;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh :
The vicar first, and after him the crew
With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band ;
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand ;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs ;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day ;
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty miles from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn ; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarm.

Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout ;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew ;
Not when the welkin rung with one and all ;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall :
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heaven above to
fall.

[fox,

With might and main they chac'd the murderous
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.

But see, how Fortune can confound the wise,
And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of Death ;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And Fear supply'd him with this happy thought :
" Your's is the prize, victorious prince," said he,
" The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their cry,
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone."

" 'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done ;"
This Reynard said : but, as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke :
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight ;
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd ;

Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime ;
Yet, mastering both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries. [fend,

“ Though I,” said he, “ did ne’er in thought of-
How justly may my lord suspect his friend !
Th’ appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress :
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright :
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, Heaven can witness, with no bad intent :
I practis’d it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar’d by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc’d (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend ; so help me Jove as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.”

“ Nay,” quoth the cock ; “ but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath :
An honest man may take a knave’s advice,
But idiots only may be cozen’d twice :
Once warn’d is well bewar’d ; not flattering lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river’s brim,
When he should see, has he deserv’d to swim ?”
“ Better, sir cock, let all contention cease,
“ Come down,” said Reynard, “ let us treat of
peace.”

" A peace with all my soul," said Chanticleer ;
" But, with your favour, I will treat it here :
And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt."

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity :
And learn beside of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply ;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say ;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey ;
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd ;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:

OR THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A Vision.

Now, turning from the wintery signs, the Sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of Love ;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with
flowers :

When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear, [year :
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins :
Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,
And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room ;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome air :
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary'd side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain :
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For Love had never enter'd in my breast ;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew :
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves : and sure some little care
Should weary Nature so, to make her want repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner Sleep, from bed I sprung ;
And, dressing by the Moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood ;

Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace,
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the Spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire ;
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire ;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing ;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but scarcely printed lay ;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought :
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood : [green,
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
In all my progress I had never seen :
And, seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green :
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass ;
The well-united sods so closely lay ;
And all around the shades defended it from day :

For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the delight ;
And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.
The master workmen of the bower was known
Through fairy lands, and built for Oberon ;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew ;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell :
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade ;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy :
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field ; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight ;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight :
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there :
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe ;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.

The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough :
A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew :
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
When she I sought, the nightingale reply'd :
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung :
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'erpower'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of Paradise ;
At length I wak'd, and looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower
If any where by chance I might espy,
The rural poet of the melody ;
For still methought she sung not far away :
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line against her opposite ;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd ;
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long
(Sitting was more convenient for the song) :
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.

Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown :
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground :
An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire ;
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind :
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase :
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around :
Their hoods and sleeves the same ; and purfl'd o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp : their long descending train,
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain :
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.

Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green, on their fair foreheads plac'd.
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more ;
And wreaths of agnus-castus others bore :
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around : but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien ; [queen.
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign
She in the midst began with sober grace ;
Her servant's eyes were fixed upon her face,
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face ;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show :
A branch of agnus-castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command) ;
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd :
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young :
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear ;
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burthen of the song :
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear ;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war ;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky :
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain :
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song :
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will ; before the rest
The trumpets issued, in white mantles dress'd :
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerial-oak were crown'd ;
And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
Which, waving in the wind, display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.

Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er :
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of kings-at-arms a godly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain :
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd ;
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd :
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd ;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow ;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more ;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore :
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed :
In golden armour glorious to behold ;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering
shade ;

The trappings of their steeds were of the same ;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail : a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind :

White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore :
The foremost held a helm of rare device ;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.

And after these came, arm'd with spear and shield,
An host so great, as cover'd all the field,
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
Then lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd :
They met. I, sitting at my ease, beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and
man,
And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.

An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day :
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful fight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'erran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight :
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain :
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret harbour sung and danc'd.

The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood :
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat :
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there :
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintery war,
From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat :
A hundred knights might there at ease abide ;
And every knight a lady by his side :
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath, [breath.
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made :
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.

These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
With song of love, and mix with pleasures new ;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld :
For from the region of the west I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd ;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.

The ladies dress'd in rich cymarr were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row ;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with cheerful green :
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were, [hair.
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd ;
All in their master's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind :
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band, [hand.
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching
A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way ;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.

And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay :
And still at every close she would repeat
The burthen of the song, " The daisy is so sweet."
" The daisy is so sweet," when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was Heaven to hear.

But soon their pleasure pass'd : at noon of day,
The Sun with sultry beams began to play :
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky :
Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head ;
And, rivel'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire :
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire ;
The fainty knights were scorch'd ; and knew not
where

To run for shelter, for no shade was near ;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain :
And lightning flash'd betwixt : the field, and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather, and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain ;
While those in white, protected by the tree, [free.
Saw pass in vain th' assault, and stood from danger
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,

Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green :
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand :
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet, their foes embrace :
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
“ Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe ;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower.”
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took :
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching Sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white, [knight.
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the justs were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke :
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire [attire.
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks and their chapt
skins they laid :

Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flower her guest :
When lo, a bower ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.

This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
 That I could hear and see whatever pass'd :
 The ladies sat with each a knight between,
 Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green ;
 The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd, [mind.
 Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the
 Meantime the minstrels play'd on either side,
 Vain of their art, and for the mastery vy'd :
 The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
 And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.

The Sun was set ; and Vesper, to supply
 His absent beams, had lighted up the sky :
 When Philomel, officious all the day
 To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
 Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
 Directly to the queen array'd in white ;
 And, hopping, sat familiar on her hand,
 A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
 Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
 And, hid in bushes, 'scap'd the bitter shower,
 Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower ;
 And either songster holding out their throats,
 And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes :
 As if all day, preluding to the fight,
 They only had rehears'd, to sing by night :
 The banquet ended, and the battle done,
 They danc'd by star-light and the friendly Moon :
 And when they were to part, the laureat queen
 Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green,
 Her and her train conducting on the way,
 The Moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind :
And, as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
" Great thanks, my daughter," with a gracious bow,
She said ; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak :
" Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining Moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in listed fields so
well."

To this the dame reply'd : " Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show :
And all those airy shapes you now behold, [mold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly
Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night ;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear :
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.

At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the Moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found ;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.

“ All courteous are by kind ; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race :
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther : every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence ; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold ?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity :
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That *agnus-castus* in her hand appears ;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd ;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand :
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,
Whom death nor danger never could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey :
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.

But those, who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow ;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram and Isotta were." [nine,

" But what are those," said I, " th' unconquer'd
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour
shine ?

And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain ?

Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adorn the flower, and some the tree ?"

" Just is your suit, fair daughter," said the dame :
" Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame ;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian
knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd :
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew ;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due :
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain ;
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date
Doubling their number, equal in their state ;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince :

Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
 For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
 These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
 In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
 And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
 The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
 And still they Cæsar's successors adorn :
 One leaf of this is immortality,
 And more of worth than all the world can buy."

"One doubt remains," said I, "the dames in
 green,
 What were their qualities, and who their queen?"
 "Flora commands," said she, "those nymphs and
 knights,

Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights ;
 Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
 The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue :
 Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
 Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
 Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
 And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their
 green.

These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,
 And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
 But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
 And still continue what at first they were ;
 Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
 No room for cowardice, or dull delay ;
 From good to better they should urge their way.
 For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
 With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste ;

For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound ;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd, [ground :
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow ;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace ;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of Heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed :
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are
decay'd."

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame ;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the leaf ; she smil'd with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence :

"But I," said she, "my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view."

We parted thus ; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day :
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then, late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night :
Blush, as thou may'st, my Little Book, with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame ;
For such thy Maker chose : and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet. [wit.
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine ;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense :
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal ;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.

The world will think, that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight ;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain ;
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse ;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse ;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view ;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime ;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Softened the fierce, and made the coward bold :
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When Beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the
mind.

IN that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every Grace, and all the Loves, resort ;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth ;

There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd.

But as no gift of Fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir ;
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward show,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul bely'd the features of his face ;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like Nature's errour, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on Wit's despair ;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute ;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him love ;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd ;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went, [ment.
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banish-
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way ;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much
to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By Chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood :
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort :
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace :
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent ease,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr ;
Her bosom to the view was only bare :
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their places were but signify'd :
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue
her repose.

The fool of Nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testify'd surprise,

Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight :
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh ;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence :
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night :
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd :
Last shone the Sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd Heaven and Earth, and roll'd around the
year.

So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
By love his want of words and wit he found ;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd :
Love taught him shame ; and Shame, with Love at
strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind :
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.

'This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire :
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees ;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
'The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And, ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving
breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid :
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
And Love, new-born, the first good-manners taught.
And awful Fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he **knew**,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :

So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart ;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of
day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slaving cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake ; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she : " What makes you, Cymon, here alone ?"
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust ;
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe ; his hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,

But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by Love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choak'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move, [Love.
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and as he went impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand ;
Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd :
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool confirm'd and bishop'd by the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd :
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise :
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse :
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract ; and thus, as Fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship, already sent,
Did all his tardy diligence prevent :
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said :
“ The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind :
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.”
Resolv'd he said ; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.

The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd ;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore ;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight : then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe :

“ Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.”

Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide ;
Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press
he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight, but, hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way :
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew ;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd : “ O Rhodian youth,
fought

For love alone, nor other booty sought :
Your lives are safe ; your vessel I resign ;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine ;

In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you :
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love ;
Or, if he could, my Love disdains the laws,
And like a king by conquest gains his cause :
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and Force shall love maintain,
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace."

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd :
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look ;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears ;
" For yours I am," he said, " and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride."
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind ?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind !
Secure of Fate, while Cymon plows the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,

Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the Sun ;
The promise of a storm ; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails ;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once ; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands :
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows ; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of Heaven to deepest Hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd ;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies ; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints ;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,
But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment :
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger, as her fears increase :
From her own back the burthen would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,

Which, interposing, durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right :
The powers incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain :
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride ;
That for his daring enterprize she dy'd ;
Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Scx to the last : meantime with sails declin'd
The wandering vessel drove before the wind :
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd ;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near ; to this they bent,
And just escap'd ; their force already spent :
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey ;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view ;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frightened sailors try'd their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main ;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore !
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land :

Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore ;
Known each, they know ; but each with change of
cheer ;

The vanquish'd side exults ; the victors fear ;
Not them, but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands ; maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence :
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand ;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few :
But, crowding on, the last the first impel :
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast :
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd :
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair ;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd ;
So passive is the church of woman-kind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel ?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height ;
The latter pleas'd ; and Love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride ;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate :
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But Fortune had not favour'd his desire ;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd :
So stood th' affair : some little hope remain'd,
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Meantime young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast ;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief :
The fatal day approach'd ; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd ;

To justice liable, as law requir'd ;
 For, when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd :
 While power remain'd the means were in his hand
 By force to seize, and then forsake the land :
 Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
 A slave to fame, but, more a slave to love :
 Restraining others, yet himself not free,
 Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
 Both sides he weigh'd : but, after much debate,
 The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
 But works a different way in different minds,
 The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
 This youth, proposing to possess and 'scape,
 Began in murder, to conclude in rape : [bless
 Unprais'd by me, though Heaven sometimes may
 An impious act with undeserv'd success :
 The great it seems are privileg'd alone
 To punish all injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed :
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the pretor bent,
 To find the means that might secure th' event :
 Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he sought ;
 Th' example pleas'd : the cause and crime the same ;
 An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
 How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
 The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
 To manage loathsome life, when love was the reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
 In depth of night he for the prisoner sent ;

In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun.
“ The powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive.
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be try'd :
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd ;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd :
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts ; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair. [found
“ Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground :
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be ; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd :
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his ; to-morrow is behind,
And Love our fortunes in one band has join'd :
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine :
To-morrow must their common vows be ty'd :
With Love to friend, and Fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

“ Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed :
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight :
And let the losers talk in vain of right :
We with the fair will sail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves : if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope :
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain,)
Then second my design to seize the prey, [way.”
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the
Said Cymon overjoy'd, “ Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show the foes :
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.”

To this the bold Lysimachus reply'd,
“ Let Heaven be neuter, and the sword decide ;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

“ Now hear the rest; when Day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly Night,
Be ready at my call ; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then, entering unexpected, will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight,
And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight :

The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port :
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist."

It pleas'd ! the prisoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The Sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends :
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight, [bowls invite.
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd :
Three bands are form'd ; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore ;
The second at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last :
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread :
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies rushing through the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown ;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own ;

The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain ;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain :
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear :
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend,
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent ;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow :
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point ; the sword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple
flood.

With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews ;
The hall is heap'd with corps ; the sprinkled gore
Besmeares the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize ;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.

What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store,
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view;
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek; nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

JOHN PHILIPS.

JOHNS PHILIPS, an English poet, was the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop. He was born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, in 1676, and received his classical education at Winchester school. He was removed to Christ-Church college, in Oxford, in 1694, where he fully maintained the distinction he had already acquired at school, and obtained the esteem of several eminent literary characters. In 1703 he made himself known by his poem of "The Splendid Shilling," a pleasant burlesque, in which he happily imitated the style of Milton. The reputation he acquired by this piece caused him to be selected by the leaders of the Tory party to celebrate the victory of Blenheim, in competition with Addison, an attempt which, however, seems to have added little to his fame. His didactic poem on Cyder, published in 1706, is considered as his principal performance, and is that with which his name is chiefly associated. It became popular, and raised him to eminence among

the poets of his age and class. This, and his "Splendid Shilling," are the pieces by which he will chiefly 'deserve to be remembered. Philips died of a pulmonary affection, in February 1708, at his mother's house in Hereford, greatly regretted by his friends, to whom he was endeared by the modesty, kindness, and blamelessness of his character. Besides a tablet, with a Latin inscription, in Hereford cathedral, he was honoured with a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by Lord Chancellor Harcourt, with a long and classical epitaph, composed by Atterbury.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

"..... Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast !) my meagre corpse sustain ;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers : or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,

With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow,
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forbode ; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods, avert [stalks
 Such plagues from righteous men !) Behind him
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued : if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
 The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,

Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
Within her woven cell : the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make ; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights : distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind : or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,

Or desperate lady near a purling-stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks !)
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,

Admits the sea : in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
 The mariners ; Death in their eyes appears, [pray :
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
 Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

CIDER,

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

..... Honos erit huic quoque Pomo? VIRG.

Book I.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due
 To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
 Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
 Adventurous I presume to sing ; of verse
 Nor skill'd, nor studious : but my native soil
 Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
 To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
 Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
 How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
 And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
 And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
 To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
 Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
 May it a lasting monument remain

Of dear respect ; that when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend !

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs ;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds ; whose breath
Nurtures the orange, and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds :
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling
showers

Distil, from the high summits down the rain.
Runs trickling ; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchats smile ; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore ;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,

Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce ; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and fiat.
So Nature has decreed : so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit ; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors ; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome
draught.

But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples : thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward : thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst ; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of spousals : long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty : but, deluded, dy'd
In height of hopes — oh ! hardest fate, to fall
By show of friendship, and pretended love !

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcleigh-hill ; the apple no where finds
A kinder mould : yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground : who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law-debates * ? If therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success ;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld ;
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil ; the sturdy pear-tree here

* February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces ; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kin-naston Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
Thus nought is useless made ; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
Sufficient ; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more ? Ev'n on the clifly height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lie unlabor'd ; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove ?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots ; in vain ! the nursling grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth :
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, despond not ; little pains,

In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimetal streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting ; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of Heaven, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire ; sweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable : but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals ! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys ;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near ; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall
His victims ; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood **and**
worth,

O fairest St. John !) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest : she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemperate force
To know, attend ; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our forefathers, (luckless men !) ingulf't
By the wide-yawning Earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium : uncontroll'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose ; had not the heavenly Powers averse
Decreed her final doom : for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst ; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat

Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud displod'd roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation: vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate

The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way ; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps : to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine ; when lo !
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm ; profound ! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds,
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds ; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone ; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race ; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the ploughman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome stood ; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our forefathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion :) everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness ; but with amorous twine

Clasps the tall Elm : the Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons,) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent : the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact ; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close-neighbouring : th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem ;
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dew
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should
froth ?

Respect thy orchats ; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let Art correct thy breed : from parent bough
A cion meetly sever : after, force
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig ; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay : ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil ; now he shoots his arms

With quickest growth ; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' empurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of cider-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchat-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union ; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive ? howe'er, what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear ?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms ; at different times
Adopted Plums will alien branches grace ;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of parti-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse ! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent

On what is gainful : sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shows the force of love
In savage beasts ; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night : then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cider with the brakes product wild ;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing ; when to lop
The flowing branches ; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel : she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare ; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions ; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air ; to her we owe
The Indian weed*, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine ; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand

* Tobacco.

Least animal ; and shows, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists ! But the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know ? how first she frames
All things in miniature ? Thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels ; lo !
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs : observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd ; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchard every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock ; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd ; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western Sun
Surcease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose ; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right ; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself ? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?
'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to show compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades

Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever : for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mis-spends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant ; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion : else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn ; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little ; rather guard each row
With the false terrours of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air ; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Destructive ; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine : forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails, that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest ; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food ; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undismay'd ; but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms ; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice ;
They, by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane ; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls : such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain !

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail ; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
The firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate : then the grub
Of unobserv'd invades the vital core,

Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless ; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth, and spattering noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish'd ; not with less surprise, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface ; whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls ; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismember'd, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd :
The Pippin burnish'd o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of sweetest honied taste, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley : be thou first
This apple to transplant ; if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing : why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat

The Russet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?

What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life; the wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but Art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
The Musk's surpassing worth; that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold sidereal blasts!
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Was of the sylvan kind, uncivilis'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget:
Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine

Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
'The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines,
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains ; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See ! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
All other fields ! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail !
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice nectar ; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more ? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extremest world ? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean ? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines

Vaunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend
For sovereignty ; Phanæus' self must bow
To th' Ariconian vales : and shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
With largest usury repay, alone
Empowered to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires ?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass ; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots ; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array !
Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect ! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice ; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound !
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To Heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken ; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture ; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing ; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires

A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the Earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Batic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemster's silken wool? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? In ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures' vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,

Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him hardy Britons bless ; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct, than his care avails.

Thce also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims ; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls : yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat *,
Where Aldrich † reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care : he generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life,) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues : by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail, high-born peer ! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer, and Bromley ; thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring ; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train ;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich, dean of Christ Church.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort, in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful assertors, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince !
O thou of ancient faith ! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land enrolls.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days ? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests ; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old : meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what, though hid, will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good ? How large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or present time ; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill ? What praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit ? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
The pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious
tongues,

Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark ; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mould
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes : nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace ; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven ? He ill deserves
Or love, or pity ; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race : but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour ! O, ye gods ! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling ; in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd : but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know

Of strictest amity ; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd ! — O thou ! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid ; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason ; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of Death
I tended prone ? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd ; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd ; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous ; but nor night, nor day, suffice
For that great task ; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful ; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power ; and others realms invade
With specious shows of love. This traitorous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute

Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable : the honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth ; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
That break his plighted faith ; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his stedfast soul ; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd ; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape ;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
Demons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds ;
But (as a child, whose inexperience'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his industry he can

Benefit human race : or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th'wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life ; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
Except his own ; his own employs his cares,
Large subject ! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome secure ; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself :
Best poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phæbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim ! and, if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pin'd
In foreign realm ; yet not debas'd his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard *,
Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been ;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found ;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,

* Milton.

And found no dawn, by dim diffusion veil'd !
But he — however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

BOOK II.

O HARCOURT, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome; or, what
Unrivall'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous Cider; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and Autumn's blest increase.
Th' effect of art are shown, yet what avails
'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime: the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours: Autumn, to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plums, and what in coat
Rough, or soft-rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;

Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's tasteful apple : Autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes ; whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odours, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean !
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matten song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought ! but ah !
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours ! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous ; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year : trees of their shrivelled fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail !
Now, now 's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny ; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor : now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder : now prepare
Materials for thy mill ; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive ; and a flexile sallow, intrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,

Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse ; thou, more wise, shall steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour ; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the apple-cheese, though quite exhaust :
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants ; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd !

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms : a frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued

By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly : he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted ; diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cider-grove : o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature : yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars : but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the Sun's mellowing beams
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time,
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With wat'ry turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal ; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense ;
Although Devonia much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan : with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse ;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share ; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty : this neglected, fear

Signal vengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due : relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successless care,
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes ; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe : recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide : the various Moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn ; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsully'd : now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps [glades
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and
Offensive to the birds ; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead
O'ertakes their speed ; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to Earth.

The woodcock's early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretell a liberal harvest ; he of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters ; when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way

To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows : O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious ! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind : the orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads ; the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinthians, now the Rasps, supply
Delicious draughts ; the Quinces now, or Plums,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
Are prest to wines ; the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient sires.

But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew ;
Besides the orchat, every hedge and bush
Affords assistance ; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams

Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures : gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervours, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne *, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore !
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root,
(For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes ! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts ?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,

* Ireland.

Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom sunny Bornio bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thracia's gales,
Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick eircuiting ; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought !

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays ! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar ; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink !)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter ; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,

Th' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd :
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the Sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice Winter's purging
cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd ; as the showery arch,
With listed colours gay, ore, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the wat'ry brede, with thousand shows
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour ; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product ; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne ; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cider cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul ; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested cades :
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat refuse, lest, too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex ; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noontide sun, with summer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her wat'ry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold :
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force,
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red :
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath

Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient ; by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve : the Moyle,
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire complete perfection : now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect : thy flask will slowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughness. Stirom, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as Priæmian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigour gains.
Fallacious drink ! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness ; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue : but may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

*The farmer's toil is done ; his cades mature
Now call for vent ; his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited ; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry ; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell

With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face ; the thoughts of labour past
Increase their joy : As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains ; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
Ere Heaven 's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine ;
His joys are short, and few ; yet when he drinks,
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth : magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debarr'd his grape : the Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd : with vehement suns
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch

Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters froze,
Beware th' inclement Heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhymes, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,
A subtle artist stands, with wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
'Midst these desports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when Spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in

The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest. When the Gnosian crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd : beyond there's nought
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith Reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates ; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant :
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are 'hurl'd
With dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd
cheeks
Mix'd gore and cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent ? him Death's iron-sleep oppress,

Descending careless from his couch ; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine ; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the Sun with July heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all a-float,
Yet craving liquids : nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated ; how, with lust and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and split their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers, that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups : may we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas ! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood ; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd ? what heroes, signalis'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd ! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race !
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout

Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn ?
Apostate, atheist rebels ! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence ; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike ; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd ! O Charles, O best of kings !
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd !
Yet was the Cider-land unstain'd with guilt ;
The Cider-land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy : but, ah ! successful she,
However faithful ! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this once happy land,
By homebred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings : here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious : from her hand alone

All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without ; in one supreme
Entirely blest ; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy ; but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault ; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern :
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch ; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhymes, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye ; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in furthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase
Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring : from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'reign sway ; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds ? But little now avail'd
The ties of friendship ; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns :
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood ; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected ; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers : Horror thus,
And wild Uproar, and Desolation, reign'd
Unrespited. Ah ! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray ? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work ? — Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw ! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive Discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood ;

But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted ! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance : from thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme ; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent : two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction ; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
Let there be union : strait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm ; from Dubris south,
To northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe ? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptis'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold : meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows

From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The native shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms ; where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

THOMAS PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL, an agreeable poet, was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire. His father, who was attached to the cause of the Parliament in the civil wars of Charles I., withdrew to Ireland after the Restoration, where he purchased an estate. His eldest son, Thomas, was born at Dublin, in 1679, and received his school education in that city. At an early age he was removed to the college, where he was admitted to the degree of M. A. in 1700, took deacon's orders in the same year, and was ordained priest three years afterwards. In 1705 he was presented to the archdeaconry of Clogher, and about the same time married a lady of great beauty and merit. He now began to make those frequent excursions to England, in which the most desirable part of his life was thenceforth spent. His first connections were principally with the Whigs, at that time in power; and Addison, Congreve, and Steele are named among his chief companions. When, at the

latter part of Queen Anne's reign, the Tories were triumphant, Parnell deserted his former friends, and associated with Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Swift introduced him to Lord-Treasurer Harley; and, with the dictatorial air which he was fond of assuming, insisted upon the Treasurer's going with his staff in his hand into the anti-chamber, where Parnell was waiting to welcome him. It is said of this poet, that every year, as soon as he had collected the rents of his estate, and the revenue of his benefices, he came over to England, and spent some months, living in an elegant style, and rather impairing than improving his fortune. At this time he was an assiduous preacher in the London pulpits, with the intention of rising to notice; but the change of the ministry at Queen Anne's death put an end to his more brilliant prospects in the church. By means, however, of Swift's recommendation to Archbishop King, he obtained a prebend, and the valuable living of Finglass.

His domestic happiness received a severe shock in 1712, by the death of his beloved wife; and it was the effect on his spirits of this affliction which led him into such a habit of intemperance in wine as shortened his days. This, at least, is the gloss put upon the circumstance by his historian, Goldsmith, who represents him, "as in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity." But it can scarcely be doubted, that this mode of life had already been formed when his very unequal spirits had required the aid of a glass for his support. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July 1717, in

the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Trinity Church, in that city.

Parnell was the author of several pieces, both in prose and verse; but it is only by the latter that he is now known. Of these a collection was published by Pope, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford. Their characters are ease, sprightliness, fancy, clearness of language, and melody of versification; and though not ranking among the most finished productions of the British muse, they claim a place among the most pleasing. A large addition to these was made in a work printed in Dublin, in 1758, of which Dr. Johnson says, "I know not whence they came, nor have ever enquired whither they are going."

FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
 Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth
 Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above :
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within ;
But one sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground :
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approached near,
 And now the sounds increase :
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay,
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd ;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
 Advanc'd in open sight ;
" Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
" Who view, by no presumption led,
 Your revels of the night.

" 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
 Amid the nightly dew."
" 'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
" We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

“ Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign ;
Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
 Be little Mable thine.”

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the queen :
The rest their fairy partners found :
And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
 As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
 Has bent him up aloof :
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye ;
Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less ;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind ;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene :
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall ;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
His spirits in him dye :
When Oberon cries, " A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth !
In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
Entreats them pity graunt ;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt ;

" Ah, losel vile," at once they roar :
" And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come, we know :
Now has thy kestrel courage fell ;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

▲ ▲ 3

Then Will, who bears the whispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung ;
There, like a tortoise, in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat ;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight :
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er ;
But wot ye well his harder lot ?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
" Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
" With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

" But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem design'd ;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom 's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky !
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire :
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.

There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread,
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;
Who, while on Earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
“ *Think, mortal, what it is to die.*”

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,

Mc thinks, I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground !)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

“ When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.”

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe ;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste :

But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cry'd,
" And hail, my son," the reverend sire reply'd ;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the livery'd servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the sire ; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) ;
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls.
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
" And why should such," within himself he cry'd,
" Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face ;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

“ Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.”
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,

And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ;
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
“ Detested wretch ! ” — But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;

Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

“ Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

“ Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

“ The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“ What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

“ The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne’er mov’d in duty to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean’d his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv’d in pain,
And measur’d back his steps to Earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem’d to go,
(And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“ But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back ;
This night his treasur’d heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o’er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look’d Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;
The prophet gaz’d, and wish’d to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord ! as in *Heaven*, on *Earth* thy will be done :"
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

HESIOD :

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail) ;
Ye modern beauties ! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you ;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's ; he the fable writ ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit :
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please ;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on Earth :
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.

The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began :
 " O vers'd in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire !
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a god to find ;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel."

He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands
To temper mortar with ethereal hands ;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear ;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the sire ordain'd : the power obey'd ;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms :
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind :
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd ;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink ;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown ;
For decent yielding, looks declining down ;

The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire ;
Gay smiles to comfort : April showers to move ;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair ;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide ;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native troops of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirle the spindle by the twisting thread ;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art,
An useful gift ; but what profuse expense,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence !

Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod ;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain ;
The price of favours ; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts ;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue ;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise ;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards revere
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,

To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd ;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart ;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home ;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores ; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers ;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown ;
A veil pellucid hung depending down ;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through Time's deep cave, the sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

“ Flow from the rock, my flax ! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread ; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly ;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die ;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

“ Men born to labour, all with pains provide ;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride :
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show ;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

“ Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports ;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs ;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

“ Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.”

Thus sung the sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire ;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end :
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;

With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more ;
'Twas fraught with pangs ; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star :
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to tease,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down ;
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

" Now take what Jove design'd," she softly cry'd,
" This box thy portion, and myself the bride."
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man ! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown !
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And Heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep :
But, whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise !
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies !

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew :
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering Nature wore a sickly face.
New terms of folly rose, new states of care ;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the fair !
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues ;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love ;
The sordid matches never join'd above :
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys,)
The curse of jealousy ; expense and strife ;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life ;
The rival's sword ; the qualm that takes the fair ;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair —
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find ;
Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind !

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,

The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
 The crystal Helicon forebore to flow,
 The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
 The Muses came to give the laurel too.
 But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
 If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
 Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
 Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
 'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
 The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
 There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
 Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
 A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
 A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
 But swelling nature in a fatal hour
 Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
 The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
 And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,
 Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
 When Hesiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
 And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;
 A strong suspicion straight possess their mind,
 (For poets ever were a gentle kind,)
 But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
 Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
 "Now take" (at once they cry) "thy due reward,"
 And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
 His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
 ('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise :
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But here a Cupid loudly laughing by ;
He wields his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
“ Here Hesiod lies : ye future bards, beware
How far your moral tales incense the fair.
Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed ;
Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed :
He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew.”

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too,)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man rose, staring like a stake ;
Wondering to see himself awake !
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do ;

That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god,
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake,)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes :
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, " Great Jove," she cry'd,
" This thing was fashion'd from my side :
His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?"

" Nay, rather ask," the monarch said,
" What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away ?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay."

" Halves, more than halves!" cry'd honest Care,
" Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole."

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.

And can celestial tempers rage ?

Quoth Virgil, in a later age ?

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young).

As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head ;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old sire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before ;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.

A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.

His vest, for day and night, was py'd ;
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;
And Spring's new months his train adorn !
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made ;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate :

“ Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began ;
But since their union makes the man,

Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due."

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year ;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

" 'Tis well," said Jove, and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.

" Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay :
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow ;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me."

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.

Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives :
Through all the fields of wit he flies ;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat :
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse —
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly).
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage ;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies ;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,

They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here ;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain ;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim, — there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make,)
A health to poets ! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise ;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound ;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !

Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year :
Ye gods ! what sonnets on a wench !
What lean translations out of French !
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate ! thy pert and humble lays !
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine,)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corpa, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.

“ This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here Ignorance and Hunger found
Large realms of Wit to ravage round :
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell ?
Two foes in one I sent to Hell.
Ye poets, who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me !
Ye critics ! born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose.”

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was the son of John Rowe, Esquire, a barrister of reputation and extensive practice. He was born in 1673, at the house of his maternal grandfather, at Little Berkford, in Bedfordshire. Being placed at Westminster-school, under Dr. Busby, he pursued the classical studies of that place with credit. At the age of sixteen he was removed from school, and entered a student of the Middle Temple, it being his father's intention to bring him up to his own profession; but the death of this parent, when Nicholas was only nineteen, freed him from what he probably thought a pursuit foreign to his disposition; and he turned his chief studies to poetry and polite literature. At the age of twenty-five he produced his first tragedy, "The Ambitious Stepmother;" which was afterwards succeeded by "Tamerlane;" "The Fair Penitent;" "Ulysses;" "The Royal Convert;"

“ Jane Shore ;” and “ Lady Jane Grey.” Of these, though all have their merits, the third and the two last alone keep possession of the stage ; but Jane Shore in particular never fails to be viewed with deep interest. His plays, from which are derived his principal claims upon posterity, are chiefly founded on the model of French tragedy ; and in his diction, which is poetical without being bombastic or affected ; in his versification, which is singularly sweet ; and in *tirades* of sentiment, given with force and elegance, he has few competitors.

As a miscellaneous poet, Rowe occupies but an inconsiderable place among his countrymen ; but it has been thought proper to give some of his songs or ballads in the pastoral strain ; which have a touching simplicity, scarcely excelled by any pieces of the kind. His principal efforts, however, were in poetical translation ; and his version of Lucan’s *Pharsalia* has been placed by Dr. Johnson among the greatest productions of English poetry.

In politics, Rowe joined the party of the Whigs, under whose influence he had some gainful posts, without reckoning that of poet-laureat, on the accession of George I. He was twice married to women of good connections, by the first of whom he had a son, and by the second, a daughter. He died in December, 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was interred among the poets in Westminster Abbey.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG, TO THE TUNE OF "GRIM KING OF THE
GHOSTS."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

" Alas, silly swain that I was !"
 Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 " When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue ;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

" How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town ?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove ;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

“ What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd ;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
Thy false-one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

“ And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

“ If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

“ Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day ;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.”

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——.*

As on a summer's day
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 "What a shame," quoth she,
 "For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to die!

"And dost thou nothing heed,
 What Pan our God has decreed;
 What a prize to-day
 Shall be given away,
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

"There's not a single swain
 Of all this fruitful plain,
 But with hopes and fears
 Now busily prepares
 The bonny boon to gain.

"Shall another maiden shine
 In brighter array than thine?
 Up, up, dull swain,
 Tune thy pipe once again,
 And make the garland mine."

* Afterwards his wife.

“ Alas ! my love,” he cry’d,
“ What avails this courtly pride ?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart
What is all the world beside ?

“ To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen ;
Or the brightest queen of May.

“ What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown ;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.”

SONG.

AH WILLOW. TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain ;
Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, willow.

Sweet stream, he cry’d sadly, I’ll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers
repair ;
Ah willow, &c. [your care.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
Ah willow, &c.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ah willow, &c.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
Ah willow, &c.
So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
Ah willow, &c.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed ;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed ;
Ah willow, &c.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be
cheer'd ;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard ;
Ah willow, &c.

Believe me, thou fair-one ; thou dear-one believe,

Ah willow, &c.

Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.

Ah willow, &c.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,

Ah willow, &c.

And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side

Ah willow, &c.

Then run, gentle brook ; and to lose thyself, haste ;

Ah willow, willow.

Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last ;

Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, willow.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, a person in the foremost ranks of wit and elegant literature, was the son of the Reverend Lancelot Addison, at whose parsonage at Milston, near Ambrosbury, Wiltshire, he was born in May, 1672. At the age of fifteen he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical literature, especially in Latin poetry. He was afterwards elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he took the degrees of bachelor and master of arts. In his twenty-second year he became an author in his own language, publishing a short copy of verses addressed to the veteran poet, Dryden. Other pieces in verse and prose succeeded; and in 1695 he opened the career of his fortune as a literary man, by a complimentary poem on one of the campaigns of King William, addressed to the Lord-keeper Somers. A pension of 300*l.* from the crown, which his patron obtained for him, enabled him to indulge his inclin-

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ation for travel; and an epistolary poem to Lord Halifax in 1701, with a prose relation of his travels, published on his return, are distinguished by the spirit of liberty which they breathe, and which, during life, was his ruling passion. The most famous of his political poems, "The Campaign," appeared in 1704. It was a task kindly imposed by Lord Halifax, who intimated to him that the writer should not lose his labour. It was accordingly rewarded by an immediate appointment to the post of commissioner of appeals.

This will be the proper place for considering the merits of Addison in his character of a writer in verse. Though Dryden and Pope had already secured the first places on the British Parnassus, and other rivals for fame were springing to view, it will scarcely be denied that Addison, by a decent mediocrity of poetic language, rising occasionally to superior efforts, has deserved that degree of praise, which, in general estimation, has been allotted to him. It cannot be doubted that playful and humorous wit was the quality in which he obtained almost unrivalled pre-eminence; but the reader of his poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller will discover, in the comparison of the painter to Phidias, a very happy and elegant resemblance pointed out in his verse. His celebrated tragedy of "Cato," equally remarkable for a correctness of plan, and a sustained elevation of style, then unusual on the English stage, was further distinguished by the glow of its sentiments in favour of political liberty, and was equally applauded by both parties.

A very short account will suffice for the remainder of his works. His connection with Steele engaged him in occasionally writing in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, in which his productions, serious and humorous, conferred upon him immortal honour, and placed him deservedly at the head of his class. Some other periodical papers, decidedly political, were traced to Addison, of which *The Freeholder* was one of the most conspicuous. In 1716 he married the Countess-Dowager of Warwick, a connexion which is said not to have been remarkably happy. In the following year he was raised to the office of one of the principal secretaries of state; but finding himself ill suited to the post, and in a declining state of health, he resigned it to Mr. Craggs. In reality, his constitution was suffering from an habitual excess in wine; and it is a lamentable circumstance that a person so generally free from moral defects, should have given way to a fondness for the pleasures of a tavern life. Addison died in June, 1719, leaving an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, IN
THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm ! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease ;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods !
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,

And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods ! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd ;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terroure and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.
And wondering at their height through airy channels

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires :
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand.
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown :
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I 'm lost :
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain :
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :

Starves in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live :
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,

To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrours cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her god-like sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite :
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle-in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I 've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes : whom immortal lays,
And lines, like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A FORM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1705.

——Rheni pacator et Istri.

Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 Ordinibus ; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
 Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

CLAUD. *de Laud. Stilic.*

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ,
 suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate
 aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vi-
 cinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis
 præstet. Maria trajiciat : ne quod toto orbe
 terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus,
 fas, lex, potentissima sint. LIV. *Hist.* lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name ;
 While emperors to you commit their cause,
 And Anna's praises crown the vast applause ;
 Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
 Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
 Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
 Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,
 And wars and conquests fill th' important year :
 Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
 An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
 His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side ;
 Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
 And in the midst of his wide empire stood ;

Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks im-
mur'd,

Behind their everlasting hills secur'd ;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran ;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states ;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear ;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near ;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent !
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye ;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court ;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties :
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war ;
The nation thanks them with a public voice ;
By showers of blessings Heaven approves their
choice ;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky.
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly ;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul ;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought ;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow :
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues !
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,

Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd,)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass),
Breathing revenge ; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein :
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from far,
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mountain spirits, and fermenting blood ;

Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown :
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound :
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees :
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past ;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last :
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie ;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction ; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
sight,

His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day :
Ev'ning approach'd ; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close !

Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way ;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste ;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to their foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage ;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom !
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame ! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great !)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last :
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear :
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear,
To brave the thickest terrours of the war,

Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose ;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :
Thou liv'st not for thyself ; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain ;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides ;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase,) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars :
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,

The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own !
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there ! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms ;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France ;
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat ;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake :
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;

The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war ;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind ;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain ;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd ;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way !
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control :
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host ;

Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass ;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise. [prov'd,
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war :
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance ;
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows ;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear :
Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave :

Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns ;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay :
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate !
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung !
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun ;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the right :
His waving banners, that so oft had food
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,

Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard ! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept !
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe !
Greatly distrest ! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war ;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd ;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains ;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls ;

Freed by the terrour of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim ;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines :
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends ;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd ;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword ?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete ?

Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands ;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side ;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects ;
And though the dog star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun :
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats ;

No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies :
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword and Hochtste's fatal
plain :

In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne :
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man !
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place ;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence
charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all the thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms ;
And Traerbach feels the terroure of his arms :
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before,
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years.
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares :
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.

By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
 And taste the sweets of English liberty :
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
 Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
 Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
 Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
 Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
 Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light, [boast,
 Rais'd of themselves their genuine charms they
 And those who paint them truest praise them most.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,
 A godlike form, by thee display'd
 In all the force of light and shade ;

F F 3

And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily since his course begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.

Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd ;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd :
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine ;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there ;
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies ;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd ;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads ; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung :

Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand :
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove ?

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads :
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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